

## THE WHEAT AND THE TARES.

'Twas on the green banks of Euphrates' fine stream,  
Jehovah omniscient all wise and supreme  
First station'd our parents in Eden's fine bower,  
With Eve his companion, a delicate flower.

He sow'd their young bosoms with seed in their youth,  
With reason, benevolence, virtue and truth,  
And on the same ground where the choice seed was sown,  
The tares by the tongue of the serpent was thrown.

It is plain to be seen that the heart is the ground,  
Where truth and deception are both to be found;  
These are the two seeds that the human heart bears,  
And all that is meant by the wheat and the tares.

The servants of old they saw not in their day,  
How God his great goodness to them would convey—  
They saw not the depth of that wonderful plan;  
Which wisdom had drawn for the welfare of man.

The servants saw the tares, and the wheat bearing fruit,  
Said let us go pull up the tares by the root—  
But the mild voice of wisdom says, O no forbear,  
Lest you by so doing the wheat should impair.

Let them both grow together till ripe in the field,  
That man may partake of the fruits they both yield,  
That by their effects, they may well ascertain  
That truth yields them pleasure, but falsehood gives pain.

Man early imbibed false notions of God—  
Suppos'd him a tyrant, and vengeance his rod;  
The hand of tradition ever since man began,  
Has borne the delusion from father to son.

The father of mercies his bosom unfurl'd  
Sent Christ to bear witness of him to the world,  
Instructed in wisdom and virtue to prove,  
That God is eternal unchangeable love.

The Jews disbelieving in him, they began  
To seek the sweet life of that innocent man—  
Condemned unjustly to hang on the tree  
And bear death's keen anguish, as so 'twas to be.

The earth was convuls'd and her bowels distress'd,  
The heavens in mourning appear'd to be dress'd,  
The stars and pale luna and sols rolling flame,—  
All shrank from beholding the death of the Lamb.

His healing the sick and His raising the dead,  
His feeding the hungry with drink meat and bread,  
His casting out devils, restoring the blind,  
All proves Him who sent Him a friend to mankind.

The love that inspir'd Him while he was on earth,  
Was stronger ten thousand times stronger than death;  
Love mov'd Him to finish the task he had given,  
And rais'd Him from death to the mansions of heaven.

By this we discover than mankind shall have  
A lasting existence beyond the cold grave—  
Removed from a state of corruption like this,  
To dwell in perfect soft bosom of bliss.

The old dispensation and part of the new,  
Unveil'd a scene of bright glory to view,  
The banner, bright banner of truth was unfurl'd,  
The ensign of peace and good will to the world.

The harvest appears and the fields are all white,  
The reapers' appear at the first dawn of light—  
The reapers are those whom our God doth inspire,  
To gather up falsehood and burn it with fire.

The spirit of truth is the sickle so keen,  
The luminous is the fire that we mean,  
The temple of friendship, it is the sweet place,  
For the mind when refin'd of the whole human race.